

Home of the Apparently Brave

When I ran the election
the operatives have a shit-fit.

"In the debate our guy's
a slow-witted jerk!"

Good! The people like
that. More like Charlie
who came to repair

the washer and had funny
stories. "Then let's ride
with the jerk?"

All the way
to the White House! Just

a-bobbin' and a-weavin' o
ye of little faith! "But

governing is different.
It's handing out the jobs,
and the pearls, for

one thing. Plus that
foreign crap. How
do we know...?"

We don't. We'll never know.
I don't know now. He could
be coyly smart for all I know.

We'll never ever know. Can't
you see? That's the beauty!
It's Rope-a-Dope to infinity!

Let's call it the Battle Rap
of the Republic, Muthuh!

Now where can I get fucked
literally? Boy or girl?